THE COCK AND THE BULL.

Calverley on Browning.

You see this pebble-stone? It's a thing I bought Of a bit of a cnit of a boy? Ithe mid o' the day—I like to dock the smaller parts-o'-speech, As we curtail the already cur-tailed cur i you catch the paronomasia, play o' words?)

Did, rather, I' the pre-Landscerian days.
Well, to my muttons. I purchased the concern, And clapt it!' my poke, and gave for same By way, to-wit, of barter or exchange—"Chop" was my snickering dandiprat's own term-one shilling and fourpence, current coin o' the real One one and fourpence—you are with me, Sirl—What hour it skills not; ten or cleven o' the clock. One day (and what a rouring day it was!)

In February, eighteen sixty-sime.

Alexandrina Victoria, Fidei
Hin—hm—how runs the jargon i—being on throne.

A POTENT PHILTER.

BY 1 IV.

When Fletcher entered the rude parlor of the hetel early next morning, he found Rowland poring over a mediaval issue of THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE and clouding the place with the smoke of a cigarette that he was converting with fierce, nervous puffs into asies. The pine walls of the room were un-papered save by a scattered company of cuts from the London illustrated papers dismally surrounding an occasional fleek of color in the form of a Christmas supplement issued by one of the journals. Two

mas supplement issued by one of the journals. Two gandy chromos maintained the idea of international amity in their unmistakable Americanism. The fleor was truitful with a thick undergrowth of datatily packed picnic baskets. Fletcher half sumbled over one of them as he came in.

"Heilo," cred Rowland, booking up from his paper, "don't let yourself get caught in the picnic trao so early. Even if there are no other contestants I shall want you, you know, as an aide-decamp in connection with several such schemes."

"You may cast me for any part you like, if I stay," consented Fletcher, crossing the room and placing binaself from habit with his back to the child emptiness of the iron stove.

"If you stay," gasped the other with long, marveiling pauses. He let the paper drop to his kness and regarded him for a moment with a vacaous stare. "If you stay," repeated he with interser emphasis. He looked keenly at Fletcher, then broke abruptly into a laugh. "Pshaw, Fletcher, I haven't had my breakfast; you ought to time your

stare. If you stay reached the property of the

way of receiving his beginning would have ten-dered it difficult.

He had rebelled vigorously, despite his tacit ac-cuiescence in his miserably unfortunate position of the night before, against the half necessity, under the conditions into which he had been thrust, of remaining at Malbaie with this girl, as he still termed her. If she had been any other than Row-land's sister, he would not have heatafed; he would have gone back to Quebec, or turned his face toward some other of these villages within the hour of his discayery of her presence. She was how as niways since that first night in Quebec, a sheat but hateful figure in his mental path. She was in-creasingly odious to him, it seemed to him that it would be intolerable to meet her daily, on the familiar footing that would sarely result from the creasingly odious to him. It seemed to him would be intolerable to meet her daily, of familiar feeting that would surely result for solation of the party—of which he would nate be one—that would come about through the tinguishing nationality. Even when he has vinced himself that he must stay, though he aware that there could be no solution of this that do not include a friendly demeanor of part toward Rowland's sister, he fought conclusion with laborious industry. He kneed has a fittle magnified the question; that it he find it possible to drift with fate for the brief of his stay at Maibaic; if he could bring him treat Miss Bailey as he might any other summ quantance of a fortnight, no great annovat him would come of it, yet his defences had stoutly creeted, and it was not easy to over them even temporarily. For a moment a vshaped thought that he perhaps exaggerate pettiness had crossed his mind, but he had of rom him before it had wholly formed it treasonable to his friend. There could be more mean, it seemed to him, short of actual

treasonable to his friend. There could be nothing more mean, it seemed to him, short of actual wong than this dalliance with a mad's strong passion. Wentworth's nature must have made the inster terribly carnest for him. How dippant—brutally dippant, he said to himself in silent rage—had been her treatment of it! He could not pardon ber, but he could bear himself with measurable cerdiality toward her for the time, and she would not know. Kowland's speech suggested a topic to which they reverted from the night before, and they talked pleasantly until summoned to breakfast, of their acquaintance of two years previous. They seated themselves in the dinin g-room at a table set for them, in one of the windows looking out upon the St. Lawrence, from which a buoyant mist was curling up through the rosy light. The ladies presently entered. Mrs. Fordman was radiant in the matronly white cap that she sometimes affected, sat decorousity on her yet untinged biack hair, and as she seated herself she directed a pleasant smile of morning greeting toward the young men, talking together over their output. The crushed brown ing greeting toward the young men, talks gether over their oatmeal. The crushed gether over their oatmeal of breaks

great bowls.
Virginia followed her aunt into the room. Virginia followed her aunt into the room, were a dress of dark bine manned that hins ple folds about her figure. Her white through the folds about her figure. Her white through the folds and crossed over her breast in Pfashion. She might have been Hawthorne's In this garb and her brother said so. She glan Rowland in annusement, and Fletcher cause odd charm in her face that was not beauty, it would have been difficult to say why not features were gracefully formed. Her most delicate and with its tirmness and its introduction of the folds. features were gracefully formed. Her medelicate and with its firances and its in but bright and sympathete smile, perhaps fine quality to her face. Her eyes were count of mellow depth. A generous forelies into har of a soft brown, chinging about in dusky waves, and gathered behind it close-twisted coil. No feature was formware than as an artist would have wished a artist would not have thought her beaut was a strange face, and the fascination thirts vague and indeterminate quality. Fietcher as she turned it toward him now with its warning freshness. He said come with its warning freshness. He said come

At every table the people were arranging for pic nics, rows and yachting excursions, though the seemed to be the staple anneament, and the pre-inaries were being carried forward wite all the reserve and air of utter good-beliewship that a mer bourders take on in one another's presence

reserve and air of utter good-fellowship that summer bourders take on in one another's presence the carth over.

Fletcher did not quite understand how it hap pened, but when all had sat for some moments takeing together in the parlor after breakfast, he looked ing together in the parlor after breakfast, he looked that he had casmally taken from the table, he find himself alone with Miss builey. She was standing at the window opposite him watching the departure of the froop of picking kers.

"(me doesn't need to be born in the simulated United States to reach the Himalayas of conserting without.

Fletcher leard her unconscious special from hes window. His paper ristled without his median, and she furned abruptly at the sound. Her thematised with the confusion of one deferred in an absurdity, but she controlled herself with instant self-command and began to speak with a kind of humorous protest that ended aminonly in a heights, consents laugh.

"I did overless you, if you mean that Miss Railey," and Fletcher with gravity as in an every You will pardon me. I could not have belied in that way,—as stuped as the grif who prompted in the way, was stuped as the grif who prompted was bril' ant. Pardon me, "she paid, not hereding his question.

In a moment she thought the speech a little for

question.

n a moment she thought the speech a little for

more tions usually sacred and creefingable. Though he was ordinarily at ease, the speech which he at length made was halting and inerportune. She came to his rescue with ready tact.

"This is a deliciously unconventional place," she said rather hastily.

"It is odd," conceded Fletcher.

"It would have been pleasant to have come, I think," she went on, "If there were none of the feeling of nevelty and experiment in it, only to have rid ourselves of the guide books."

"You have served an impleasant term of acquaintance with them, have you, M'ss liadley?" returned Fletcher. He began to stroke his beard. He had always found it exist to make a new arm than to make talk.

His had always found it easier to make a new arm than to make talk.

"Oh, yes," she assented with vivacity, "they have a way of draining the romance from everything that they touch, and the romance of thanda, though pleasant so far as it goes, doesn't go so far that it can afford to lose any of it in that way, you know." She smiled a little.

"There is something else," rejoined Fletcher, gradually allowing himself to speak naturally, that I had hoped to have escaped. We ought to have loft New-York papers when we passed the border. In New-York they are food and drink, but that they to get the wires and burn the bridges beens likes to cut the wires and burn the bridges behind one, as an army does, in a vacation journey."
Much to the same purpose they continued less uneasily to say, until as another silence fell, Fletcher egopyright, 1834. All rights received.

the firm, glistening beach below, or, raisay, aparticle water.

On one of these days a vexations problem presented itself to Fletcher as a result of the defection of Kowland. It had seemed to this young man that as he could not yet be of service in the way that he had purposed, as courier, there was no reason—since Fletcher, with whose extraordinary dislike of fishing he was familiar, remained to occupy his sister—why he should not continue his piscatorial forays in the region about. With some part of this reasoning he had acquainted Fletcher when he had retired at an hour of unseemly earliness on the night before in order to rise at daybreak, and the announcement bore rich fruitage with Fletcher. To be left alone the last thing he had looked torward bore rich fruitze with F etcher. To be left alone with her was the last thing he had looked forward to. But his swift, critical view of this unexpected embarrasement of his position served, notwith-standing his decided struggle against such a conciusion, only to confirm the force of the logic which had led him originally to remain at Malbac. One thing unknown to him their caused him to consider the possibility of a retreat from the position that circumstances had imposed upon him even more seriously. He had recently become keenly aware the possibility of the second with the control of seriously. He had recently become keenly aware that Miss Bailey had nothing in common with the uncertainty outlaned, characteriess nature that he found he had inconsequently attributed to her. He found he had mean-sequently astributed to her. He could not tread carefully marked grooves in his intercourse with her; she herself gave, with her quiet, unconscious dignity, her marvellous self-poise, the tone to their acquaintance. He perceived that if he permitted himself to be thrown with her in the way that Howland's desertion at this innefinite would connet, it would be impossible to assure himself that he should always maintain just the attitude he had fixed; yet there was but a single path.

path.

This, which the night before he had for the second time relactantly conceded, became more obvious and pressing when he was confronted in the morning with the tactof Virginia's presence on the piazza alone. This was clearly something upon which he could, decently, only act, and he found himself presently accosting her with a pleasant, if somewhat formal same of greeting, and after a time, washing with her over the terrace. Thus, and their association during the day in various petty expressions of their own impromptin planning, were their association during the day in various percentsions of their own impromptin planning, were not so bad. That which chiefly angered him, when, in accordance with a very recent habit, he reviewed the day in thought that night, was that he viewed the day in thought that night, was that he found it necessary, in his relentless honesty, to found it necessary, in his relentless honesty, to

Upon Mrs. Fordham's recovery, they drove often Upon Mrs. Fortham's recovery, they drove often into the ruggedly lovely country about, and the disposal of the party (Mrs. Fortham and Rowland naturally occupied one caleshe, while he accompanied Virginia in another continued and rather intensified this close association. Despite his effort to control the degree of his cordiality, he sometimes discovered himself on these occasions lapsing into a manner, under the influence of her kindly bearing, which he could neither provent nor explain. His refuge when, as often happened, he suddenly remembered, with a kind of loathing, with whom he carried on his pleasant fails, or dragged himself back to a memory of his agreement with nimself regarding his treatment of her, was in a silence which he only broke upon ecoupilison in answer to the determined on sericational efforts of his companion, returning their only apathetic memory liadles to the moscent front lines so ther chat. The felt this to be from any view-point evaggerated, and it was certainly is had as possible, yet his recoil from the sense of aritimes with her was strong contign to enable him to disting himself at the moment; afterward he agree the exception of himself at the moment; afterward he agree that exception of himself at the moment; afterward he agree that exception of himself at the moment; afterward he agree that except and the manner of a story and the research in a story of the program of the manner of

intenselted his former feeling, however.

As they drove on toward the hotel: "Pardon me," said Virginia. "I coundn't help seeing the post-mark. Have you friends in Dayton!" "One," resnowded Fletcher Incomically, with an odd look at her.

"I asked because I know Dayton's little." She cas quite shameless, he thought, then he renem errel with companietien that she could not know

this familiarity with her story.
"You have lived there I" he managed to say.
"I have visited there."

"You have lived there?" In managed to say.

"I have visited there."

He struce to be calm as he said with an air of weariness, "It is a pleasant place, I imagine."

"Oh, yes, "assented Virginia animatedly, and she began to speak at length of its attractions. Fictcher

began to speak at length of its attractions. Fietcher and nothing either in the way of comment or question, and at length she stopped abruptly in the midst of her rehearsal, and gave a furtive, questioning grance at his face. Whatever she saw there, it was not interest, and she did not say more. After this, neither spoke until they reached the hotel.

The others went in, and he sat down on one of the wicker chairs scattered about the perch to read his letter. He had not heard from Wentworth, until now since he had left home. This had been forwarded to him. There were some pages of idie per-sillage, succeeded by questions regarding mutual friends. The letter combinded thus:

"I don't need to tell you, my doar fellow, who know me to the last molecule, that for some time I

know me to the last molecule, that for some time I have been at odds with the world and myself; nor, indeed, that all this nonsense is weakly prefatory have been at odds with the world and myself; nor, indeed, that all this nonsense is weakly prefatory ing of a woman's heart must be behind the absence to telling you of its cause. Almost exactly eighteen of flowers about her home:" cried Virginia, months ago, I met—no, confound it, Fletcher, I "See, there's not a blossom—not even a morning

rose hurriedly and said; "It's unjust to the elements that are combining outside to make the metal that are combining outside the metal that are combined that are combined to make the metal that are combined that are combined to make the metal that are combined to make the metal that the metal that are combined to make the metal that the metal that is only symbolic of the aritidity and archedness of the general outlook. I fancy. What have reached the point, somehow I haven't the heart that is not year the most fall upon the labeling it is a long tale and I haven't the heart that is only symbolic of the most follow; and the presence of a storil lady of most lady of the satisfaction of the impressed itself upon her.

"I may as well add, for the satisfaction of the satisfaction of the impressed itself upon her."

"I may as well and, for the satisfaction of the satisfaction of the impressed itself upon her."

"I may as well and, for the satisfaction of the satisfaction of the satisfaction of the combined of warford," he nearest and allowed theory of enjoyment at such places hand the particular of the lady that the satisfaction of the combined of warford, he assert lady that the lady of warford, he assert lady of warford, he assert lady of warford, he assert lady of the lad

He had read himself a lesson, however, and de

Though Mrs. Fordham was wont to make light of her invalidism, and constantly chained herself, if it may be so phrased, upon her weakness, the wallsof the numerous rooms through which she had flutted during her Arab life of the last five years, might have told a pathetic story of much patient suffering. In the utter faintees of her bodily mechanism, which were, in fact, the substance of what she called her "attacks," the tenderest ministrations availed nothing and affection was impotent. Long custom had taught Virginia that she did her annt most effective service at these times in not serving her at all. When she had made her as comtortable as possible, and arranged to be called on special occasion, her absence was her truest charity. She read to her, indeed, at certain stages of her suffering, but at its beight Mrs. Fordham fenglit it best alone. Soit happened that though the journey had a little prostrated her, and after br akfast on the morning following their arrival she had been made prisoner in her room for several days, Virginia had been quite free. Until Mrs. Fordham should be strong enough to accompany them, the numerous mountain drives and festival excursions which Rowland had planned were not to be saggested, and they becauled the interval in the shadows of the wood at the rear of the hotel, on the firm, glistening beach below, or, rairely, upon the water.

On one of these days a vexations problem prethe art of standing very firmly, if unobtrusively, of the rock of her individually. She gave him an of searching book, then turned abruptly and took he way up the hill. Fletcher returned to himself wid an electric start. Then as if nothing had occurre to interrupt their friendly intercourse, he creed or

to interrupt their friendly intercourse, he craed out to her:

"Are you going back, Miss Bailey? Wait a moment, please." She walked on but he overtook her. "Shall I make a formal efter of my escort? May I wask with you to the hotel?"

"I don't know," she said with a strange look. Fietcher would have liked to confess himself a bruie, to been her pardon for being an ass. But he would be obliged to tell her the cause of his action if he did this, and manifestly he must not. Even as he thought of this, it was with an effort that he refused to harden himself again. He answered now as if contrition were the farthest thing from his thought:

as if contrition were the farthest thing from his chought:

"I do. These steps are to be overcome, and you know the force of numbers. Take my arm, please, she did so submissively, almost with a feeling that it was she who had been at fault. As he spoke, they began to ascend the torthous stairway that climbed the hill to the hotel. He maintained a nervous-sonndegue; he talked of everything about them; of the stairs, the hotel, the people loaneing on the puzza above; he praised the graceful rounding of the mountain, and admired the mighty sweep of the St. Lawrence.

St. Lawrence, After lunch, as Virginia sat with Rowland on the perch, "I don't understand your friend," she said analy

simply.

"Don't you? Well, I don't know that that's worthy of record," returned her brother. "I don't myself—I never did. You may be very familiar with the root, yet in the blackest kind of darkness is to the variety of the next bud it will put forth (I's like Arnold's gram of rice that shoots a green eather genmed with fifty pearls'; you know all about the seed, but every new grain is a perpetual

wonder."

"He has just budded at another point, then," retorted Virginia, a little mackingly, and she went on to tell him, with visible annoyance of the incident of the morning. "He was not at lunch; one would think it was I was dereited in politeness," she con-

hance just the least bit . . . oh, it can't be," he cotested. "You have always seemed so ancome merable in that direction, you know, that well, ou're not cold, you know, but frightfully—well, of-contained and repressive, that—that when—"e stumbled.

he stumbled.

Virginia gave a low melodious laugh. "What is
Pythagoras's opinion concerning wild fowl?" she

asked.

The boy stared a moment at her. "That the sou The boy stared a moment at her. "That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird," he said at length, yielding readily. "Oh, I am not to be tripped on my Shakespeare." Rowland was gifted with a large capacity for blunder-making, but he was not dull in perceiving himself in error.

Notwithstanding her annoyance, however, she set out at Fletcher's invitation next morning to visit the village church half a mile distant. He had proposed this to atone for his behavior of the day before, and to scal the cordinity of his intention, taked unusually agreeably, as they walked down the hill and through the village, to where on a kind of neum-sails bordered on one hand by a noisy the hill and through the village, to where on a kind of peninsula bordered on one hand by a noisy mountain stream stood the church. Through their wandering too, in the churchyard near, stooping to translate the inscriptions on the beadstones, in the church where they sat long, watching the yesturing devotees, and afterward as they took their way back through the village to the hotel, he talked engagingly. Virginia was inclined to pardess him before they began the return, though his attability was rather ostentatious, and certainly it was overdone. It is the manly way. A woman's amends, when she makes them, are adjusted with an exonisate neety.

an exquisite nicety. In their conversation they had hitherto clung to comment upon things passing before them; but if they left the church their talk became discursive the village.

"What !" she queried with an interrogative smile,

"Well, Malbaie to narrow it." "If you mean its material aspect, it's certainly very charming. I think I like it for itself, too; not because it's like Europe, though it's surely that

ery charming. I think I like it for itself, too; not ecanse it's like Europe, though it's surely that."

"Yes, It's very well for summer picnickers upon he landscape like ourselves. If one merely passes brough its atmosphere in the fugative fashion of a booting star it's very well indeed. As atmosphere 's capital, but as a permanent prospect what do on say f. If one's future were all to radiate from its point hife couldn't be said to he exactly fallow efore one, could it !"

"No," answered the girl slowly, with amused face.
No," she repeated more quickly—this time with a

touch of melanchely contemplation in her voice,
"It must be frightfully barren and desolate to lice
in such a place." "It would be worse than that for some of us. I

"It would be worse than that for some of us. I suppose the people about experience the milder forms of starvation quite commonly in the course of their winters; the soil doesn't look as if it would produce a very thrifty weed, uncoaxed. But we should starve mentally. What do you say to living ninety miles from a circulating library?"

"And three days from the last novel," continued Virguna in mock dolor. "No; decidedly one can't contemplate the prospect with equanimity. Why, those are the mildest counts in the indictment. They are only the the."

"Varioloid form of the difficulty?"

"Yes," laughed Virginia.

"I fancy it's a more serious affair in the actual than we are allowing it to seem. Look at that

"I fancy it's a more serious affair in the actual than we are allowing it to seem. Look at that house." Fletcher indicated as they passed the outskirts of the village a dwelling on a slight eminence, a little removed from the road, about which some children were half-heartedly playing an emascilated inde-and-seek. The dingy building had never been painted, and it had that lugularious tint of gray which wood gains under the weather, and which is perhaps the most melancholy hue in the world. In places the boards had warped from their fastenings, and rum gaped beneath. The whole structure drooped upon a half dozen crutches with which the forced providence of its owner seemed recently to have furnished it. "Surely suicide should be preferable to life just there," asserted Fletcher.

otcher. What a long history of the blight and harden-

"You have forgotten something," he called after her.

"Oh, my shawl," she exclaimed. She paused on the stair and turned to descend. Fletcher walked rapidly up the steps and into the ballway. As they came together at the foot of the staircase, he disengaged a dark robe from his shoulder and cast if over the arm she held out to receive it. As by an uncontrollable impulse, standing thus their eyes met in quick encounter. Both smiled, and Virginia ran histily up to her room.

It was after this that Fletcher, in sudden remembrance of the stigma resting upon this girl, which he ought never to permit himself to forcet, exced himself with the consideration of the detestable in

with the consideration of the detestable in-that might be drawn from his conduct. He determined to the conduct. ercely determined to nurse his or ginal repugnance or her. It was noticeable that it began to require

To be Continued.

HOLY WEEK IN PARIS.

CURIOUS BLENDINGS OF FASHION AND RELIGION.

FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE THERE'S, PAIRS, April 17.

I do not remember a Holy Week in the course of which the churches were more crowded and the devotional sentiment more flat and frivolous than the one just closed. Numbers of English idlers ran over to witness the Holy Thursday and Good Friday ceremonies. There were not, I dare say, a dozen well-to-do Jewesses who did not follow their example. They had no intention in thus acting to become Roman Catholies. All they wanted was a sensation, Most of the rich worshippers who were arought up at the knees of Mother Church went to be in the fashion, and because piety of a conventional and showy sort is held to match well with Royalist opinions. Then there were the demi monde and the quart da monds with the gallants of the former and the Alphonsos of the latter; the women of the fairly well off and unfashionable bourgeoisie who are lukewarm believers; and last the working class folks, who without being excellent Catholics cling to many rites and practices in which they were shrines to keep despair out of their souls, and to strengthen their poor hearts and give a fillip to their feeble hopes. Of course there were many who were sincers believers. But they were lost in the multitude, and many of them kept away from the grand services, which were no much run upon as a theatre is on the 14th of July, when everybody who

can get into them is entertained for nothing. Not only were the ceremonies spectacular but there reigned in the churches that feverish feeling and that irritating unrest which mark the advent of a new drama in a playhouse here by some favorite author. The nerves of this generation are so racked with high-pressure existence that the observance of Lent had an obvious advantage when its discipline and usages had a calming effect. But in the sixth week of the Lenten period all the grand man'ua-makers-male and female-were as busy as they could be. Doing what? Why, excenting orders for "Court mourning," you will perhaps guess, for Prince Leopold. No. The elegant black g rments were for church west. On the Monday in Holy Week there was to be a pilgrimage. which the Nemours branch of the Orleans family headed, to the Sacré Cœur of Montmartre; or, as the common people say, Notre Dame de la Galette. As the shrine stands on a ventable Hill of Difficulty, and the path to it is by steep and stair-like streets, votaries are obliged to ascend on foot. A street costume is therefore required, ordered supper and beds for the night. Supper was prewith boots of soft kidskin which are as easy on the pared for them, and while they were eating constables foot as a Jonvin glove is on the hand. The pilgrim's were sent for. Four of the party were arrested after a buttoned with "frogs" or "brandebourgs" in military style and draped spoonwise (en cuillère) the drapery being held up with black passementerie made to imitate cockle-shells. Don't fancy that I exaggerate. I was among the pilgrims, though not in this attire; and all the Boulevard papers expatiated on the becoming "fix-up" of the ladies among them. Pelerines which were pleated cockie or scallop shellwise, took the place of mantles. Belts with black unvarnished buckles were also worn, and chaplets of unpolished ebony or stained wood depended from them. Some prominent women of fashion were their beads around their necks in order to display magnificently carved ivory or silver crucifixes.

After going through the Seven Stations the elegant company adjourned for breakfast to Le Moutin & Galette, which is simply the winduill the antique Abbey of Montmartre, which has been converted into a saloon, It used to be considered - and was - Bohemian. ere the Mount of the Martyrs-or at least the part of it which was a common and belonged to the City of Paris-was dedicated by the Versailles Assembly to the Sacred Heart. But since that event it is "low" on Saudays and ordinary holidays, and very genteel on days on which the Archbishop of Paris grants indulgences to those who make pilgrimages to the shrine. Notre Dame des Victoires is said to be getting jealous of Montmartre, an ascent to which is felt to be hygienic, and the queer, crooked streets leading to which are out of the common. Then there are the advantages of fine views both in the grounds of the old church where the Stations are accomplished and at the Windmill restaurant, but particularly at the latter. Paris at one side is apread out like a map. On the otherside the eve takes in the valley of Montmorency and the forest skirting it, in a single glance. Asses are then in attendance to provide drink to any one who has a fancy for a cup of very wholesome milk. After the dejenner it is counted good tun to explore the studios in the neighborhood and to hunt for brie-A-brae in the old curiosity shops which are so numerous there. In short amusement has been so well mingled with religion that the pilgrims, in stepping into the carriages which await them at the foot of the hill and driving off to the Bois, do not feel as if they had lost a

day. On the Tuesday before Easter women of quality visit the convents where they were educated. They should be dressed in nun's cloth and wear wide sleeves to show that they have a vivid remembrance of the good sisters who brought them up, and like to imitate them not only in their lives but in their attire. The toilet, though elegant, should be of austere simplicity. The collar should be large and flat and the under sleeves ought to match it. If the dress is colored it should be in linsey-woolsey and bluish groy or brown, and not gathered up in the skirt, but descending in straight, deep folds. All the money in the aumonière bag should be spent in purchasing objects of piety at the convent.

On Wednesday, confession and stations in the parish church. There should be also visits to spiritnal directors to whom cases of conscience are submitted. The parlor at the Mission des Etrangères was crowded last week at certain hours of the day with fashionable penitents. I asked one why she looked so glad after she had had an andience with a father. "Why," she replied, "he has allowed me to communicate en blanc." He stood out for a long time but at length yielded. I had never | before heard of the communion en blanc. It is simply this: For the convenience of heads of fam- | venge

lies who wish to set a good example, and who have carnal or other weaknesses which incapacitate them from approaching the holy table, there are in some private chapels, by episcopal or Papal author-

them from approaching the holy table, there are in some private chaples, by episcopal or Papal authority, communions at which unconsecrated wafers are given. Louis XVIII. communicated on blanc. So did Louis XV. when he was leading the life of a Sultan. He thus avoided sacrilege and continued in the fashion set by Louis XIV. of discharging all his Easter duties. No domestic chaplain will own that he administers unconsecrated wafers, and it is only very rarely that one hears about them. Those who receive them are in the majority of cases slow to talk about them. Louis XIV. was pressed by his chaplain to take the communion on blanc when he was living with the wife of the Marquis de Montespan. He thought that it would be unworthy of a great King to go through such 2 farce. The way he settled the difficulty was in breaking with the Marquise in the fifth week of Lent and making up with her on Easter Monday.

Confession and spiritual conversation and stations in churches are varied with sermons and oratories. The believing and non-believing attend the latter, and the musicians seek to delight them aid. Some preachers know how to speak to the intelect and to stir and inflame hearts and souls.

Holy Thirsday is the day for washing the feet of beggars at Notre Dame. The Archbishop and the Dean and Canons of the Cathedral, as well as those of St. Denis, take part in the ceremony. It is not easily visible. Nor is it very imposing. For that reason it is not worth seeing twice unless to a good or a fashionable Catholic. Monsigner Guibert is very old. He now looks of corpse-like pallor. All the expression of his face is concentrated into his black, southern-looking eyes. The Cauons of St. Denis have been piaced on the retired list because they are the invalide of the episcopacy. In their bright vestures they look ever so much older than their real age and toddle about the chancel behind the Archbishop. The vergers and deacons seem to lack carnestness and all go through the ceremony in a lifeless, mechanical way. The water for

the ceremony in a lifeless, mechanical way. The water for the feet is in a silver gilt basin, and the towels which the members of the Chapter bear are of the finest linen. I am told that the precaution of giving the beggars foot-baths is taken just before they enter the cathedral. About as much water is placed upon each instep as is used in christening a baby. There is a paintal feeling that the rite is a more "survival," and that it in no wise exercises the virtue of humility. There are the accompaniments of fine singing and organ music. The nave is filled to overflowing. Every one is in the deepest mourning.

On Good Friday old ladies and young wear crape bonnets and veils and plain merino dresses and mantles or shawls. The most humble women have black ribbons in their white caps. Altars look like flower shops, because the flower shops are emptied round the altars. Bonquets, when hundreds of tapers are lighted near them, contrast so well with the sable hangings of the church that it is now "the thing" for rich belles to send quantities of them to their confessors and parish priests on Good Friday morning. There are musical afternoon services in all the churches.

The "Stabat Mater" over, mourning is thrown on for the Promenade de Longchamps, which is a Fashnous Exchbirtion. This season the weather did not admit of a brilliant clothes show either on Good I riday or Holy Saturday, which were therefore devoted to prous practices. It is on the latter day that the poor come forward. I like to see them in a church. They are nearly always earnest, and they and comfort in burning candles and making votive offerings. Whatever they do comes from their hearts.

TERRORIZED BY TRAMPS.

GANGS OF VAGRANT IN ORANGE COUNTY. TRAIN-WRECKERS AND ROBBERS-A PERILOUS RIDE -DEFENDATIONS AT SPRING VALLEY.

TURNER'S, N. Y., April 28.—The country along the Eastern Division of the Eric Railway is swarming win tramps. Scarcely a freight train goes through this place without from two to a dozen villanous-looking empty cars, and cling to the cars wherever they can gain a foothold. When the way-freight stopped here yesterday going west, twelve tramps were found in various places about the cars. One had ridden from Suffern's on had kept his position on it for twenty miles, lying on his stomach and helding on with his arms and legs. He was nearly suffocated by the dust and fell from the rod when the train stopped here and was unable to rise to his feet. If the train had gone half a mile further before stopping he would have dropped to the track. Freight ears have been broken into and goods stolen from them in transit almost daily within the past week. A barrel of fresh fish was thrown from a car by two tramps on Thursday last. They were arrested while peddling the fish at Southfields. Lifew nights ago three tramps were discovered fastening a railroad tie a cross the west-bound track, a mile this side of Suffern's. A freight train was nearly due, and it is supposed it was the intention of the tramps to wreck the train and plunder it. They escaped. One night last week no less than twenty-four tramps allighted at Greycourt, a station west of this place, from and which were taken from the palace in Madrid by arie and Lehigh and Hudson trains. They boldly en- Joseph Bonaparte, were sold for \$250 each. A tered houses two and three at a time and demanded food, and at one house five tramps appeared at once and committing depredations of various kinds. Two of the amps seized an old woman on the Chester road and were dragging her across the meadows when the apbroach of two men in a wagon alarmed them and the

as opportunity offered. A brakeman attempted to put off one of the tramps who had climbed to the roof from the impers. In the struggle that followed the tramp struck he brakeman with a billy, knocking him down. He then ttempted to throw the brakeman from the car. But nother train hand, having seen the struggle from the

THE CAMP NEAR SPRING VALLEY.
For several sensons a piece of woods near the village of ring Valley, Rockland County, on the Piermont Stauch of the Eric, has been a camping place for a gang tramps. They remain for Mays there and alarm the They arrived in larger force than

they could lay their hands on. In every instance where food was refused them they resorted to force, and committed many violent assaults on women and children. School children were waylaid and their hats, books and men-baskets taken from them. Many parents kept their children out of school for severa thays, fearful that they would fall into the hands of the trainps.

Two desperate members of the gang went to the house of William Champhey, some distance outpot the village of Spring Valley. There was no one home but Miss Elhott, a young woman of seventeen. The trainps entered the house without any coremony, and throwing the asselves on a sofa in the sitting room erdered. Miss Elhott to prepare them a meal. She told thout that she could not do it. One of the trainps took a pistol from his pecket and alming it at the gril swore that unless she went to work and spread them out a fixed he would shoot her. She refused to comply with their demand, and started to go in search of help, when the other trainp caught her by the tarout and threw her to the floor. The gril struggled bravely with her assailant and screamed loudy for help. There was no one in sound of her vides. She buried ner nails in the face of the trainp, and tore his face until he released her. The man with the pistol then joined in the assault. Miss Elliott selzed a hieavy poker and fought the trainps so bravely that they were forced to beat a retreat. THE PROPLE ORGANIZE IN SELF-DEFENCE.

This outrage aroused the people of Spring Valley, and another one immediately following it, prompted them to take measures to deal summarily with the tramps. The day after the assault on the young woman at the hampnoy house, a tramp entered G. B. Snyder's house. Mr. Snyder had just left home and his wife was alone in the bouse. The trains setzed Mrs. Snyder without a word, struck her a heavy blow in the face with his fist, and dragged her from the kitchen into the front part of the house. She secreamed for help, and the trains endeavored to render her insensible by pounding her with his fist. Mrs. Snyder's crica were heard by William Oldfield, who was passing the house, and he ran to her aid. The trains field on the appearance of Oldfield. The latter gave chase. Finding that he could not eatch him, he pleked up a large stone and threw it at the fleeing trains. The stone struck the vagahead on the head and he dropped to the ground. Mr. Oldfield examined him and believed that he was dead. He hurried away to give information of what had occurred. When he equirmed to the spot with others in the course of twenty minutes, the trainp had disappeared. Whether he had recovered consciousness and nurried away to a place of safety, or companions had seen him and carried him away, could not be ascertained. Mrs. Snyder was badly, but by her assali-ant.

The sitizena new resolved to rid the community of this Mr. Snyder had just left home and his wife was alone in

The citizens now resolved to rid the community of this rang, if it had to be done by force of arms. A raid was sanned, to be made on a certain night, but the tramps, widently aware of the movement, departed in various frections.

Reports of outrages by members of the gang have been

received from the farming districts. A farmer named wright was compelled to fire at two who called at his house before they would leave the premises. The next day he fond ten of his sheep deal in the pasture with their throats out. Several rode of fence were also torn down, and the rails plied p and burned. These outrages he believed were committed by the two tramps out of re-

ART NEWS AND COMMENTS.

THE WEEK IN ART CIRCLES.

EXHIBITIONS PRESENT AND TO COME-NEW PICT

URES HERE AND OUT OF TOWN. The lists of pictures for the seventh annual exhibition of the Society of American Artists were sent in during the past week. Nearly 200 paintings will be submitted by artists who are not members of the Society, chiefly y those residing in other cities. It is understood that the members themselves will make an unusual effort to present a strong exhibition in order to retrieve as far as present a strong exhibition in order to retrieve as far as possible what must be considered their mistake in holding the exhibition so late in the season. Fictures will be received at the Academy on Saturday, May 17, the closing day of the present exhibition, and on Monday May 19. "The rejected" can find assurance of careful consideration in the announcement that: "Every work sent in will be submitted to a Committee on Selection, composed of nine members of the Society elected for the purpose, and no work will be placed unless approved by them, the first judgment being revised twice."

Messrs Brush, Ulrich, and Kenyon Cox constitute the Hanging Committee. As the pictures are to be received before the Academy paintings are removed, the task of before the Academy paintings are removed, the task of langing the collection will be crowded into an extremely short time and must prove exceedingly difficult of accomplianment. While the last day of receiving works will be on the 19th, "Varnishing Day" will be the following Saturday, the 24th. In the absence of the secretary ofthe Seciety Mr. E. H. Blashneid, Mc. George H. Galt is discharging his duries and will take the management of the exhibition.

At the Academy the past week has been quiet and nonotonous. The attendance has continued good, the total number of tickets sold amounting yesterday to total number of tickets sold amounting yesterday to nearly \$12,000, but the sales of pictures show a de-cided falling off. At catalogue prices the sales reach about \$33,000. Among the paintings sold since the last time of writing are. "Spring Morning," Albert Insley, \$125; "Evening," F. Schuchardt, p., \$600; "An October Evening," D. W. Tryon, \$250; and "A Good Season," J. Docker, \$100.

The Calmet Chib will hold an exhibition of portraits, nainly historical, at the club house tomorrow afternoon,

The May number of "The Art Amateur" abounds in illustrations of interest. An extra supplement is issued, a fac-simile of a red chalk drawing of a child's head by P. A. Wille. The frontispiece is a reproduction of a sketch by Mr. Charles Sprague Pearce from tion of a sketch by Mr. Charles Sprague Tearse From his painting called "Morning Prayer," which is in the current Salon. An article upon the Academy exhibition is accompanied by copious illustrations from the artists' drawings for the "Academy Notes." Portraits of the late Louis Leloir and of L. Solon, ceramic artist, en-liven brief biographical sketches, and the department of "Decoration and Furniture" presents an abundance of rich and instructive designs.

The reproduction of Mr. George H. Boughton's watercolor sketch, "There She Goes," shows a striking family resemblance to Mr. W. M. Chase's "Here She Comes," ethibited last winter with the Water-Color Society. The same subject has done duty for both artists, although Mr. Boughton gives us a rear and Mr. Chase a side view of the squat figure of the Hollander standing on the sea-hore and watehing a vessel in the offing, and the pose of Mr. Chase's figure is more spiritedly self-assertive.

In an article based upon M. Endel's papers in the Paris "Figaro" regarding "Spurious Old Faience" occurs an interesting account of a method of paiming off forgeries of the medallions of Luca della Robbia, now become quite common, upon confiding travellers. " It become quite common, upon confiding travellers. "It is known that certain residents of Florence have had holes made in the exterior masonry of their houses in order to display these false medallions to tempt the amateurish stranger. The latter's courier is the negotiant in these cases. He halts his employer before the house, points out the medallion, invents a legend for it, or perhaps recounts the true history, often interesting enough for his purpose, of the house. Then he happens to know that the present proprietor is hard pushed for money, and he intimates that there is a bargain to be had. The traveller folls into the trap. He is introduced to the owner, who parleys for a while but always lets him bear off the medallion. As soon as he is well out of Florence it is replaced."

The annual report of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts gives the number of visitors during 1883 as 152,551. The current expenses of the year were \$18.181 97. The " committee on the increase of the collections" recommends the spending of the greater part of the money available for purchases in buying reproductions. The advisability of possessing the whole collection of Braun's carbon photographs from drawings by the old masters is maintained, and the committee adds " in buying easts of sculpture we should be limited by nothing but the lack of space to exhibit them." Preference is given to casts of sculpture, mainly Greek, of the best periods, and secondarily the illustration of the history of sculpture by typical works is recommended. A large number of antiquities excavated at Assos are among the donations of the past year. collections" recommends the spending of the greater

A curious picture sale was lately held in Baltimore. Two paintings on copper, supposed to be by Rubens,

"Market Scene by Jan Steen" was sold for \$250 each. A
"Market Scene by Jan Steen" was sold for \$250, and
a "Landscape" by Ruysdael for \$40. The "Martyrdom of Saint Agatha, said to be an original Guido,"
brought \$80. After this rather remarkable union of xplanatory statement that "the sale was satisf ory." It is a pity that the "said to be an original," attributed to " should ever be omitted.

Some of Tiry Toronyye's readers, may remember the two quaint, old-fashioned houses standing a few years since at the southeast corner of Lexington ave., and Thirty-seventh at In the hall of the second house from the corner hung for many years a hage oil painting, the subject. "The Continence of Scipio," which the owner believed until the day of his death to be an original Rubens. And it is needless to say that such instances

Two catalogues are issued of the Fuller Memorial Exhibition, both with excellent portraits of the artist. The larger contains a culogy of the artist which offers no new ideas, and there are photographs of "The Romany Girl" and of two portraits.

"The Art Union" for March contains a large quantity of reading matter and illustrations based upon pictures by Messrs. A. C. Howland, Frederick Dichman and T. L. Smith, and sketches from the Water-Color Exhibition. There are papers on "The Old Art Union," "Some French Portraits," and a long article upon "Frands in Art," which contains a detailed explanation of American picture frauds. Another paper, very fair and temperate in its tone, is entitled, "A Defence of Foreign Art Dealers." Apropos of picture frauds, "The Studio" remarks: "Should we place confidence in all statements we would believe that a thousand forgeries a week were sold in the auction rooms of down-town New-York. It is strange indeed if this be so that we hear no word of protest from the swindled, especially as the dealers are amenable to the criminal law for obtaining money under false pretences.

There is something too much of all this bue and cry. Its intention is perhaps to keep people from beging bad pictures at the expense of good cases, but its tendency is rather to terrorize people into not buying at all, which is not particularly beneficial to the artists."

No article in "The Art Union" is written with more Dielman and T. L. Smith, and sketches from

No article in "The Art Union" is written with more

feeling than the lament over the wretched position of one who is a member of the Academy Hanging Comnittee : " In the first place, he must interrupt all of his mittee: "In the first place, he must interrupt all of his private business, and devote two or three weeks of valuable time to the bardest, most disagreeable kind of labor—labor for the mind, the eyes and the hands—and after he has conscientiously done his best, and his work is completed, and he feels almost worn out, he comes in for the vituperation of disappointed artists whose pictures were not hung; of other artists whose works were not hung to satisfy them, and of the friends of both classes of artists."

The London journals give full accounts of the pictures shown at the private views which precede the final send-ing in of the work to the Boyal Academy and the Gros-venor Gallery. It will be remembered that the two pictures mentioned by The St. James's Guzette in the totvener Gallery. It will be remembered that the two pictures mentioned by The St. James's Gazetle in the following paragraph are owned by Mr. Vanderbill. This journal says: "The picture which Mr. Alma Tadema is rapidly bringing to consplction for the Academy is one of the largest he has ever painted, being identical in size with each of the famous pair. The sculptor's Studio and 'A Picture Gailery. The subject dealt with is a visit of the Emperor Hantian to the workshop of some British potter during his progress through Britain in 120. The figures of Hadrian, of his wife Sabina, and of their attendants are mar the top of the canvas, on a gallery raised by a flight of steps above a large room in which we catch a glimpse of a long row of throwers at their primitive wheels. On these steps a half-maked workman is waiting with a tray of finished bowls and vases, while a companion above holds another trayful for the inspection of the Empress. The portrait of Sabina is taken from the fine bust in the Roman Callery of the British Museum. There, too, are to be found several busts and statues of Hadrian hunself, who is, moreover, one of the best known of the Emperors so for as his exterior is concerned. The picture contain some seven or eight large figures and soveral small ones, besides being full of accessories. Mr. Tadema is also at work upon a small composition sometime line like the Audience at Agrippa's in spirit, showing a Roman Emperor passing in procession down the corridors of his palace on his way to the temple. This will be exhibited at the Grovenor."

his way to the temple. This will be exhibited at the Grovenor."

Mr. G. H. Boughton sends to the Academy "The Handmalden of the Fleids," a robust country lass striving to carry a load of red and green cabbages. Mr. Linton has completed the last of a series of five large pictures representing the progress of a frontier war between Carislian and Mussulman in the period of the Remaissance, when the Turk held Hungary, and Greece. This pointing, really the first in order of occurrence, is called "The Deciaration of War," and shows a Hunyadi prince angrily dismissing the Paynim ambassadors. Mrs Frank Holl has painted a full-length pottrait of the Prince of Walos, and his diploma picture is a portrait of Mr. Miliais.